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The Quelli, a rare Bird of Sonora.

Mr. A. S. Taylor, of Monterey, communicates to the San Francisco Herald a detailed account of a very rare bird, believed to be unknown to naturalists, found in Sonora. Mr. Taylor has collected a great variety of information respecting this singular bird, (whose existence is well authenticated) a portion of which we extract. Mr. Taylor says:

From the description of three of our friends we are placed in possession of some curious facts relating to the habits and characteristics of this rare and strange bird—a member of the conlor or sarcopagous family of Dumeril, which we have not been able to find described or alluded to in any of the books on natural history in our possession, and it may be it is a species unknown to naturalists.

An intelligent Sonoranian of Oquitoa, near Altar, in Sonora, who resided in California several years, gave me the following facts at Monterey in November and December, 1855, in relation to this curious bird. It inhabits particularly the Pinarria, Altar and Baja, the Papagoria, the Onataria, the Apacharia and other Indian and little known mountain districts of Sonora, Durango, and Sinaloa to the east and south, and it is very rare even in these countries. It is called Quelli by the Papago Indians, who have a great veneration for it. Its weight is from 8 to 10 pounds. The beak is hard and curved sharply down—its color bright lemon—the iris of the eye pink or light red. On the crown of the head it has a fleshy carbuncle or comb of black and white, which forms like a cravat, and also hangs on both sides of the head, and which is bare of feathers; the skin of the chops or cheeks is mottled black and white; the neck feathers are black with a ring of white feathers below, forming a ruff, like a circle of swansdown on a lady's tippet; the back is striped black and white lengthwise of the bird; the upper part of the wings is also striped with black and white; the ends of the wing feathers are tipped white; the tail feathers are striped and tipped the same way as the wings; the under surface of the wings are barred also; the wings measure from 12 to 18 inches long from the joint at the body. The chest, belly, and lower part of the body are of lemon color; the legs and feet are also yellow; with four toes, armed with sharp black claws.

The female bird is of smaller size, the color similar, but more subdued. The eggs are reddish and mottled black, sharply peaked, and weigh about two ounces. They make their nests in the highest trees of the mountain sides and peaks, and always go in couples, and never in flocks. When they rise from the ground they make a whirring, rushing noise, moving very fast; they are very rare throughout Sonora, as my informant states, and extremely difficult to take. They raise two young in a year, generally male and female; when young, their plumage is yellow, black and white. When full grown birds are about the size of the common turkey buzzard. In six months the young begin to fly—the female lay their eggs in the spring. They are seen at times turning over and over in the air in quick motions, from whence the Indians have a superstition that they breed in the air. The Indians also say that the male bird breaks the egg to let the chick out.

They eat dead animals, or those lately killed. The tongue is red, and has a spinous process on its under part, shaped like a pen, and said by the Indians to be used in making a loud, whirring noise when it rises from the ground. They eat very fast, and all other carnivorous birds hold it in great fear. My informant aforesaid, who has travelled throughout Sonora, and seen it in different localities, says it is most abundant in the Alta Pimeria, of which the Gadsden purchase forms a portion.

But the most singular part of the bird, and which makes it such a wonder among the Sonoranians, is that it has four wings, or appendages, used for assisting flight, on each side of its

body—that is, a pair of wings, such as other birds, each with three assistant wings or winglets, joined to the main one, and folding under the main ones, and next to the body.

An officer of the revenue service assured me on two occasions that he had seen this bird at Guaymas, in Sonora, in 1854, in possession of Capt. Spence, captain of the port, and that they were so scarce as to sell for fifty dollars apiece, and that according to his recollection my Sonoranian informant was in the main correct in his description of it. As this last informant was well known to me, and lived several years around Monterey, and left for Sonora in the latter part of 1857, and his description was taken down, as before said, in November and December, 1855, by myself, and being confirmed by the officer before mentioned, who is an old acquaintance of mine, it seems to me there can be no doubt that it is *rara avis* unknown to naturalists.

"I Never saw a Bar Shot Up."

Several years ago I happened to arrive in St. Louis when the hotels were uncomfortably full. The only bed attainable was in a room where six other wayfarers were lodged, at the Planter's Hotel, and I turned in at a late hour, with some trepidation, not having been accustomed to the society of strangers in such circumstances. The disagreeable novelty of my situation prevented sound sleeping, and while tossing uneasily upon the mattress, I heard a tall and rather rough looking gentleman from Arkansas, who had retired at about the same hour with myself, muttering some incoherent expressions, about two o'clock in the morning.

"Can't stand this," he exclaimed, at length, and soon after he was pulling the bell-rope energetically.

The porter appeared in due time, his countenance expressive of great reluctance. "What's wanted?" asked the servant.

"I want a mint julep—stop, let me see. (Looking at the sleepers, and counting them off with his fore finger.) I want one, two, three, four, five, six, seven juleps about as quick as you kin hurry 'em up."

"Can't get 'em, sir. The bar is shut up, sir." So saying, the porter departed without saying anything more.

The Arkansas gent seemed nonplused. He set up in bed and soliloquized. "Bar shot up! Bar shot up! I never saw a bar shot up yet!"

In about two minutes he was dressing himself with his clothes, and addressing himself with the same remark, "I never seen a bar shot up before."

Having completed his toilet he disappeared, and I lay broad awake in a musing mood. The Arkansian after a half hour's absence, reappeared. He bore in his hands a salver, on which were placed seven juleps made in the most approved style. I raised my head on his entering, and he exclaimed, "Hello, stranger, take a drink, and invite your friends to do the same!"

I explained to him that I had no friends in that part of the United States. He proceeded to arouse the sleepers, and, if my memory is not at fault, not one refused the cooling beverage.

"Thought the bar was shut up," I remarked. "Wall, stranger, it was shot up—the first bar I have ever seen shot up. But here's the tool that picked the lock," and he drew from the inside of his coat collar a huge bowie knife.

After draining his julep to the last drops, the strange gent retired, and just as I was composing myself to sleep, I again heard him soliloquizing.

"No, I thank you, sir. No, I thank you, sir. (A pause.) What in h—did he mean by that? Can't stand that—must go down and see about it."

Again the Arkansas gentleman arose and went down stairs, and I lay wondering what he was about. Soon I heard a noise as of a serious row in the bar-room below, and, hurrying on my garments, I descended. Several persons were holding my Arkansas friend, and others were using restraining force in a similar manner upon another person, who, like my fellow lodger, seemed belligerently inclined. At length their rage was cooled, and I was enabled to ascertain the cause of the quarrel. When the Arkansas gentleman had first descended, and persuaded the bar-keeper to concoct the juleps, another gentleman entered, and my friend, in the most amiable manner, said to him, "Stranger, 'pose you and I take a private drink together before I take these juleps to my party up stairs."

The stranger replied, "No, I thank you, sir!" Arkansas, finding his juleps ready about that time, took them up stairs, where we punished

them, as before stated. After settling himself in bed, it occurred to him that the stranger below had refused to drink with him when invited, and he determined, on reflection, to go down and ask him what he meant by saying "No, I thank you, sir." On finding that gentleman, our Arkansas friend soon found that he was as full of fight as himself, and, instead of an apology, he presented a bowie knife. Both drew their weapons, and the bar-keeper and porter had been obliged to call in assistance to prevent them from cutting each other's wind-pipe.

The affair was finally settled, with a drink all round and the Arkansas gent departed next day down the river.

A Rough Country.

The last session of the Missouri State Legislature had been remarkable for the witty speeches of its members. Mr. White, of the House, delivered himself as follows, in reference to the project of forming a new county:

I predicate my objections to this new county on different grounds, one of the main and most important of which is, that I am confident it would not be entitled to a representative in the next six years. Mr. Speaker, did you ever visit the territory sought to be erected into the county of Carter? Did you ever have an opportunity of beholding the multifarious beauties and of examining its boundless resources? Well, sir, I have. I have been all over it, and all around it, and I do say here openly and defiantly, that there is not level ground enough within its entire limits to build a pig-pen on. (Laughter.) The soil is so poor it would not grow "penny-royal." Sir, you might mow the country with a razor, and rake it with a fine comb, and you wouldn't get enough fodder to keep a sick grasshopper through the winter. (Renewed laughter.)

Sir, they plant corn with crow-bars, and hold their sheep by the hind legs while they nibble the grass in the cracks of the cliffs. (Increased laughter.) Sir, the ferocious nature of that section is principally ticks, and I must in justice say that variety of insects attain a splendid size in the new county of Carter; the smallest size falling under my observation being at least as big as saddle-bug locks. (Laughter.) As to internal improvements in that section, this House can form some idea when I assure it that the only thing resembling a road that I ever saw there was when one of the barefooted natives dragged a wild boy seven miles through the snow. (Laughter and cheers.) With such a country as this, Mr. Speaker, they propose to make a new county, and the reason given for so doing, is, that the convenience of the inhabitants will be promoted thereby! Sir, if it were possible to hold their courts under a shade of post-oak and blackjack saplings, to keep a Clerk's office and the records of the county in the recesses of a hollow sycamore, and to make a jail out of some of the dark and slimy caves beneath the craggy hills of that rough country—if it were possible to establish the machinery for doing county business out of such materials, we might entertain the project as feasible and plausible. But, alas, even such advantages as these are denied by nature to this country. (Great laughter.) It is true there would be no difficulty about the caverns for a jail, but the necessary post-oak and blackjack saplings, to supply with their foliage a canopy for the august tribunals of justice, could not be found. They are not in the country. And as for a sycamore tree suitable for a depository of the archives of the county, it would be sought in vain. The winds even refuse to blow sycamore pods in that direction. (Cheers and laughter.) And the idea of the people ever being able to build houses, in which to transact business, is deeply, darkly, prodigiously and preposterously absurd.

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where there are not prayers regularly. A certain man fitted up a boarding house but forgot until the eleventh hour the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man from Trumbull county, who agreed to pay for his boarding in praying. For a while all went smoothly, but the boarding master furnished his table so poorly, that the boarders began to grumble and to leave, and one morning the praying boarder actually "struck!" Something like the following dialogue occurred: Landlord, "Will you pray, Mr. Mild?" No, sir, I will not. Why not, sir?" It don't pay. I can't pray over such victuals as these; and unless you agree to set a better table, nary prayer do you get out of me!"

From Mex.co.

The latest intelligence from Mexico is, that the Liberals, to the number of 10,000 men, headed by Degolado and Alvarez, occupied every point, surrounding the place, and had pressed up so closely that their rifle-balls reached the plaza, and their evolutions could be watched from the house-tops. The troops were in good spirits, well fed and promptly paid. Every outlet from the city had been cut off, the aqueducts stopped, and all possible means taken to complete the close investment of the place. Further reinforcements were approaching from the North. Within the city all was confusion and alarm. The commander-in-chief, General Mejia, a pure-blooded Indian, had enforced martial law, and with his ruffians ruled the inhabitants despotically. His main support was De Gabriac, the French Envoy, backed by Otway, the English resident, whose servility to his colleague has earned him the popular nickname of "Mr. Tool." The report of the recognition of President Juarez by the government of the U. States, had been received. The flight of Miramon from Verr Cruz had caused universal dismay.

IRON MORE USEFUL THAN GOLD.—"I have in my hand," said Edward Everett, "a gold watch, which unites beauty and use in happy proportions. Its hands, face, chain and case, are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, topaz, sapphire and emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly finished case would be but a mere shell, are made of brass. Looking farther, and asking what the spring which puts all these wheels in motion, is made of, I am told it is steel. I ask, what is steel? They tell me it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So then, I find the mainspring, without which the watch would be always motionless, is not of gold, (that it is not good enough,) nor of brass, (that would not do,) but of iron.

"Iron, therefore, is the most precious metal, and this watch is an emblem of society. Its hands and fingers, which tell the hour, resemble the master-spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its works of brass are the middle class, by whose power and intelligence the master-spirits of the age are moved; and its iron mainspring, shut up in a box, always at work, and little thought of, is the laboring class, whose constant labors are absolutely necessary to the movement of society, and who, when injured or disordered, bring loss and disorder upon every other class."

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—The launching of the new steam sloop of war Richmond, at Norfolk, leaves on the stocks only one of the five sloops of war ordered by act of Congress. They have been launched in the following order: Brooklyn, 14 guns, at New York; Lancaster, 18 guns, at Philadelphia; Hartford, 14 guns, at Charleston, and Richmond, at Gosport. The Pensacola, 16 guns, has since been launched. Nearly all these vessels are ready for sea, one or two are in commission. There are no finer war vessels of their size in the world.

Since the above were taken in hand, Congress has sanctioned the construction of seven others, of still lighter draught, one of which, rating six guns, is being finished at the Brooklyn navy yard; one at Kittery, six guns; one at Boston, three guns; one at Norfolk, six guns; one at Pensacola, six guns; and two at Philadelphia six guns. They are expected to be afloat in July.

THE BOSTON STANDARD.—In an article upon free blacks, and their duty to make money if they would be considered respectable, the Christian Examiner says:

No race in this country will be despised which makes money. If we had in Boston or New York ten orange outangs with a million of dollars each, they would visit the best society; we should leave our cards at their doors, and give them snug little dinner parties.

It is believed that the father of mankind never reached his wife but once for the unhappy cause of their expulsion from Paradise; she littered and recklessly replied, "I don't care A-dam!" He never again mentioned the subject.

A minister at church approached a roguish looking boy, about ten years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe he has, too!" was the significant reply of the boy.